

The Street: Front Line

by Great One 117

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Summary: A Group of Marines are ordered to hold a street leading to one of the largest remaining bases on earth. They must keep the road from the covenant. Even if it means death.

1. from worse to shit

"Sir, this is squad two," said LT. Hanson, "we are in position and awaiting orders."

"Your orders are to kill any covenant moron stupid enough to walk down that street" said Colonel Hopkins, "you copy?"

"Yes, sir. Orders received and confirmed."

Hanson and his squad were part of a sniper company stationed on the roof of the building next the Cornel. The U.N.S.C. still owned this piece of land, and as long as he had a breath in his body it would stay that way. Ever since the Covenant landed assault forces in Des Moines he had been told to defend this street at all cost. One of its major military purposes was that is linked up to Camp Dodge. If this street was lost then the camp would be too.

The camp was easily defendable from the air, but on the ground it would be a loosing battle. That was why this battle was so important to the Cornel. He had lots of options to defend this street. He had 50cal. Anti aircraft guns on the roofs, and entire company of snipers on the roof tops, a company of explosives techs, a dozen scorpion MBTs, a dozen warthogs, and best of all a Spartan. Nothing was getting past them in one piece. But they said that about the Orbital Defense Grid too, and now look.

This street was virtually impenetrable. If any thing even walked so much as an inch on the street it would be dead within milliseconds. There was the occasional patrol of banshees, which were immediately silenced.

"Sir, banshees incoming," said Captain Grenz, "Damn, too late they already scanned us."

"How much time do we have before their friends show up?" questioned the Cornel.

"Well, they just scrambled their phantoms. There is about twenty of them fully loaded with covenant soldiers, and ghosts and wraiths. It will be about twenty minuets."

"I want everyone hidden. Hide the tanks and hogs in the firing pits. Get rubble out on

the street. When those bastards get to the barricade let all hell break loose."

"Yes, sir." replied everyone on the com channel.

The fight for the street had just begun. If all else failed, they would detonate a nuke inside the city. Turning it in to a smoking crater.

2. The War Horse Has arrived

Everything was immediately stowed away and men moved into position. The snipers were on the rooftops, hidden of course. The explosive techs were down at the far end laying a minefield, one of three. There was one on the far end, one in the middle, and one up front. They were all on remote detonators.

The MBTs were in the trench with the barrel parallel to the ground. The warthogs were hidden a trench directly behind the scorpions. This arrangement had overlapping fields of fire. What ever was caught in its field of fire would be mowed down in mille-seconds. Even golden elite with the best shields couldn't stand long with that kind of fire.

They could hold their own for at least a week. But, recent satellite images revealed that all the covenant in the area were in bound. That meant that there was going to be thousands of them. We had a mere four hundred eighty men fighting thousands upon thousands of covenant. They had to hold their own, even if it meant death.

"Sir," yelled a communications tech, "We got general on the horn."

"Ok, maybe he has some good news for once," replied the cornel.

"Yes he odes sir, he says that reinforcements are in bound," said the overjoyed tech.

"How many?" questioned the cornel.

"Can't say, He broke up before I could ask." Said the tech.

"Any reinforcements are good." The cornel said, "Stay on post sergeant."

"Will do sir," he replied.

The good thing was that there were reinforcements in bound. Bad thing was they didn't know how many. For a time the cornel pondered this query in his make shift office. Soon Lt. Hanson appeared in the door.

"Sir, we have sighted a pelican drop ship in bound."

"Good, I be there in a second."

The cornel got up and headed up to the make shift landing pads. There was a pelican in bound all right. Only one though, but reinforcements were reinforcements. Soon the pelican landed. The rear door opened marines poured out the last to get off was a fully armored Spartan.

"Spartan 279 reporting for duty sir," it said.

3. Planning and Scheming

The spartan was easily taller than anyone in this outfit. This was the best reinforcement of all. It would help but not win the battle. The marines quickly scattered to their positions and the spartan went down to the street to get things more organized. The covenants were coming, and they couldn't stop them. The only thing they could do is give them hell.

"Sir, covenant on radar. There are a hundred and twenty-two phantoms," cried the marine, "All heavily loaded with troops and vehicles."

"Not good." Replied the Colonel.

That meant that there was at least 3000 covenant soldiers heading this way.

"Corporal, get the news out." Said the Colonel in a cold voice.

"Yes sir,"

The out post turned into chaos. Men running to prepare their stations, running to get their weapons, or praying. The Colonel himself was a religious man, always went to church on Sunday. But right now he felt as if god had abandoned him. Those emotions were quickly put aside though. Many men were going to die here today, and everyone knew it.

Soon the entire street was a minefield, there were firing pits all over, and the snipers had camouflaged themselves to blend with the roof. Many things were getting done due to the covenants random inspection. There were also three welcome wagons covered in armor and had guns on it. It was called a scorpion MBT. When they did come they would be in for a huge surprise. But everyone, even alien bastards, like surprises.

Soon there was the sun was blacked out by a flock of covenant phantoms. Luckily they didn't spot them. Men were scattering around the Colonel. He grabbed a young private by the shirt collar and held him up.

"You listen here," Yelled the Colonel, "I want you on the second floor now. Equip your battle rifles and prepare to engage the enemy."

"But sir," squealed the private.

"No buts private, this war is for real. It is not fake, I you die here you die. As for the rest of you on the second floor now!"

The rest of the men immediately ran in the general direction of the second floor. It was utter chaos. Soon things had settled down a bit and everyone was in position. Commanders were issuing orders and men were checking and rechecking their weapons. This was their perfect place to end this now. They were on our front door without an invitation, and we were going to kick them out and stomp them like they bugs they are. The marines were getting edgy. That wasn't a good sign to see.

"Sir, enemy contacts," whispered one of the marine commanders as a single golden elite appeared rounding the corner. Soon there was an entire covenant army in the street.

"Time to play you sons-a-bitches," whispered the Colonel, "and this time there is no where to run."

The snipers carefully scoped their targets and prepared to fire. The explosives Techs. had rocket launchers out. 1 per every two men. One would shoot the other would reload. The commanders had the detonators to the minefields all hooked up and ready. The marines on the second floor had their battle rifles ready and were taking aim. The Scorpions and the warthogs were in position and ready to fight. The covenant were walking into the biggest marine ambush that had ever been concocted.

The golden elite was 20 meters away from the hogs and tanks.

"Sir, do we have a kill order?" Questioned the sniper commander.

"Negative, hold your fire. Same goes for everyone else. Fire on my mark." Barked the Colonel.

10 meters away now.

"Sir, now or never." the commander said.

"Not yet," said the Colonel.

"5 meters and closing sir," the commander said in distress and anxiety.

"Fire! Fire! All units fire now!" Yelled the Colonel.

The steady crack of the sniper rifles, the consecutive burst of the battle rifle, explosions caused by the mines, tanks, and the rocket launchers formed an orchestra. Although it was a lot of firepower there was still about 2500 of them left. That was a problem. Their armor was coming about facing the marine's buildings. If they were caught in there then they would all be dead. As the tanks prepared to

fire they were halted by the lone spartan.

He commandeered one of the wraiths and turned the once mighty tanks into a melted heap of alien alloy. Soon after the encounter the spartan was delighted to mow down a group of red elites that had a group of marines pinned down. It was glorious. But the battle was not over.

A marine screamed in fear as one of the few remaining wraiths turned to the colonel's position and fired. There was a bright flash and then nothing.

Sorry if anything is misspelled. I tried harder to catch anything. Please r&r. If it isn't nice then don't post anything. Constructive criticism is accepted.

4. Picking up the Pieces

The bright flash had subdued within seconds.

Was he alive?

Were his men alive?

Those questions were answered when the Colonel opened his eyes. There was rubble everywhere as well as chaos. The chain of command was shaken and the marines weren't listening. The Colonel rose shakily and surveyed the damage. There was at least twenty dead and wounded around him, a horrible waste of good men.

The Colonel hobbled down the hallway. There was at least two dozen wounded men lying on the floor. The ones who could stand were at the windows firing. Seeing the Colonel alive was a huge morale boost. The damage to the buildings was extensive. The Colonel stood outside for a moment. The street was covered with dead and wounded covenant. The good thing was that there were only a few hundred left. They were mostly grunts and jackals.

The Colonel was immediately spotted by one of the marine commanders. The commander was stunned. The Colonel felt his head and pulled his hand down so he could see, it was blood. He turned to a glass panel to see his appearance and saw he was covered in blood, his own. There were cuts, burns, and gashes pouring out blood. The Colonel started to feel light headed and his vision started to fade. He soon realized that he was fainting.

When he came to he was in a hospital bed. He was surrounded by all of his remaining commanders. There was a medic next him checking his wounds. They managed to stop the bleeding with a hemostat. Presently pain surged through his body, which was a good sign. It meant that he was alive and the fact he wasn't entirely useless. Finally, after a long silence one of the regular marine commanders stepped to the Colonel's side.

"Sir, we won." he said.

"No, we haven't," said the Colonel, "the Covenant never do anything half assed. They will come back and next time they will have a larger force. We will be sitting ducks. What is the causality

report?"

"Sir, we have nearly three hundred effectives, one hundred twenty eight wounded, and seventy two KIA," said the commander in the back of the room, "Not bad for facing impossible odds. The Spartan really helped us win the battle."

"Get on the horn with command." We need to evacuate the wounded and dead. We also need a lot more ammo and marines," said the Colonel.

"Sir," the commanders said in unison, "Yes Sir."

Within a matter of minutes the radio tech had patched through to the high brass in orbit. After a bit of negotiating we got what we needed to defend the street, and more. We had more than 200 Pelican drop ships in bound. All filled with troops, supplies, ammo, and even tanks and warthogs. Things were starting to shape up for the best.

That was until the covenant started to regroup. They had heard that their incursion team had been wiped out and were sending in about two hundred fifty more phantoms in. The first assault had been bad enough; the second wave was going to be devastating. They had to be repelled, no matter what the cost to themselves. The good thing about the Covenant's impending attack is that it was delayed, due to the Wasp, the UNSC's only one manned fighter. The Wasp could be compared to the Banshee. The Wasp possessed: twin 50 cal. chain guns, carried 6 anti aircraft missiles, on board anti-grav pods, (With thanks to the covenant because we now have them) and most importantly shields, something that the covenant didn't have on their banshees.

Thanks to them they were able to hinder the progress of the Covenant's attack force by a whole day and a half. It wasn't much, but they could prepare a more effective resistance in that amount of time. Luckily, the Pelicans arrived earlier than expected with everything we needed. We now had a large armory in our newly appointed Alpha Base, a hospital close to the street that we were guarding.

We had a full fleet of fifty warthogs and scorpion tanks with the accompaniment of fifty Wasps to help decrease the amount of Covenant that were able to land nearby. We also received four hundred fresh marines and all of the wounded loaded up and evacuated. They tried to take the Colonel, but he stayed and recovered quickly. Things were looking up. Even is it was only for a few moments, it was finally quiet.

End
file.